

# FIREMAN'S JOURNAL

A Weekly Chronicle of the Fire Department, Military, Masonic, Turf, Field Sports, Regattas, Hunting, Angling, Theatrical, and General News of California.

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WHOLE NO. 183.

CHARLES M. CHASE, Proprietor.

OUR TASK—TO ENLIGHTEN.

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Attention whatever will be paid to anonymous communications. Any person wishing articles published in the "Journal" must accompany them with the name of the author.

Advertisements will be inserted at the lowest rates, descriptions of Job Printing attended to promptly.

## Love's Broken Vows.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

The holy promise that was spoken, Has by thee, alas! been broken; And the hopes I fondly cherished, With thy love have now all perished; Then ask me no more promise now, For thou hast broken every vow; And midst my anguish and my pain I may not—should not trust again.

If thou now wert as pure hearted, Free from pain as when we parted, Though by all beside forgot, I would have shared thy humble lot; I would have been thy hope—thy own And lived for thee, and these alone, But well thou knowest in thy heart, Thy hand has torn our love apart.

Ask me not if I'm repining, For the love I am resigning; Ask me not if my heart is aching, For the vows we now are breaking; For my heart is crushed by sorrow, Hoping, wishing for a morrow; When in worlds of untold bliss It shall forget the woes of this.

But though clouds are hanging o'er me, Duty's path is plain before me; Thou shalt hear no more repining, For firm resolve my course is aiding I shall no more my vows renew, But bid thee now a last adieu; For all my hopes so fondly cherished, Have in sorrow's ashes perished.

## Likes and Dislikes of an Independent Individual.

I love to sit at dewy eve,  
And listen to the creaking dog,  
When it is too hot to "breeze,"  
To sip a foaming glass of lager.

I love to romp with country girls—  
Bouncing, bounding, bawling misses,  
Be fanned by their bewitching curls,  
And when I get a chance—snatch kisses.

I love to smoke a primo Havana—  
You must not call me a heartless sinner  
If I should say I've often ran  
A mile for one just after dinner.

I love to go, when toil is over,  
And banish thoughts of making money—  
By rolling in the tallest kind of clover,  
And "going in lemons" like a "sonny."

I love to see the lightning's flash,  
I love to hear the thunder warring;  
I love to see folks cut a dash;  
But I'll be hanged if I like snoring;

I love to go on a summer's day,  
When Sol is in his glory glowing,  
And roll around in new-mown hay,  
And gaze on sweating farmers mowing.

I love to hear the busy bees—  
Those in-dus-trious little "creetors"—  
When humming gaily through the trees,  
But thunder! ain't I down on skeeters?

I'd love to read the morning news,  
When the sun is o'er the valley shining,  
Then stretch and take a soothing snooze,  
If it wasn't for that yaller dog's whining.

I love the great, I love the small,  
I love the few, I love the many;  
I love the ladies, one and all,  
But I love myself the best of any.

RACHEL'S SILVER BATH.—Shortly after she had attained her majority, she had gone to Marseilles, where, for one night's performance, she was to receive the sum of three thousand francs. On the day after the performance, the money was brought to her in a chest. At that time, gold was not the common medium of circulation which it has since become, and payments, even in large sums, were often made in silver. Rachel was recently emancipated from the parental trammels, and she never had in her own possession anything like this amount. At sight of this box, full of five franc pieces, this quantity of money all hers, her eyes dilated and fastened upon it with an intensity that was almost painful to behold; to use her own words, worthy of an actress accustomed to the tragic style, she felt "the ferocious joy of the animal that has the long wished-for prey in its clutches." There was no childish exultation, no outward delight, none of the exultant pride of the girl who has by her own exertions earned a large sum, no feminine feeling of pleasant anticipation of the many pretty fancies this sum would gratify—no, it was a quiet, inward, savage enjoyment of the money itself, independent of all the associations generally connected with it. She ordered the box to be placed before her by her bed-side, and plunging her hands into it, kept stirring the silver about.

RATHER QUEER.—An exchange says: "Last week a locust tree in Walker township, Huntington county, Pa., was struck by lightning, when the sun was shining brightly and shivered to pieces." Which was shivered to pieces—the tree or the sun?

## The Robber Robbed.

BY O. J. CONWAY.

Fred Grover sat in his attic. A few short months before, Fred had left his home in Massachusetts, to study medicine in New York. His father had given him some good advice, and (what Fred thought a great deal more valuable), five hundred dollars, to pay his board bills and other necessary expenses. His mother had given him a new set of shirts, some flannel jackets, a kiss, a fifty dollar bill—which she saved from her house-keeping expenses—made him promise to be a good boy—which Fred very readily did, for he intended to be, if he could—and off he started.

When Fred arrived in New York, he set to work manfully, having determined to rival Mott or Carnochan, in a very short time, or ignominiously retire from the profession.

New York is very seductive, and—I am sorry to say it—Fred Grover was very fond of pleasure. Consequently he soon became an accomplished player at billiards, and quickly discovered the houses where the best drinks and dinners could be obtained.

When young men indulge freely in good dinners, cigars, etc., they observe with surprise, how quickly their money disappears. It was so with Fred, for having occasion one day to draw twenty dollars out of the bank, where he had deposited his money, he was somewhat discontented by being told there was only two dollars and some odd cents to his credit.

Fred went home feeling pretty badly. What to do, he didn't know. Having been in New York only three months, and spending five hundred and fifty dollars, he couldn't write home for more—no, that was impossible, so he made up his mind to attend lectures regularly and study tremendous hard.

Poor Fred! So things went on for four or five weeks.—Fred had visited a pawnbroker several times, and had left that gentleman, who so kindly lends money to those who are in want of it, his watch, a dozen of shirts, one or two coats, and several pair of pantaloons.

Fred's landlady had received no money for some time, so she began to importune him for payment, and had hinted mildly that if some was not forthcoming very shortly, Fred would have to find a new boarding-house.

Well, as I have said before, Fred Grover sat in his attic, pondering over his ill-luck—as he called it, but correctly speaking, over his improvidence—and cursing the hour that brought him to New York.

How seldom we think of blaming our own improvidence! We generally manage to find an excuse for our little weaknesses.

"If," mused Fred, "I were to write to mother, I know she'd send on the money; but I can't do that—no, I'll starve first. I wonder if—Come in!"

The last two words were shouted in a tone, much louder than there was any occasion for, but Fred had been interrupted in his thoughts by a tap at the door, and it had somewhat startled him.

The door slowly opened, and in stalked a matronly-looking woman, with rather a red face, and who had three small curls on each side of her face.

Fred turned all manner of colors. "Mr. Grover," said the lady, "would you let me have some money, if you please?"

"I haven't got any to-day, Mrs. Jackson, but—"

"But what sir?" and the matronly-looking woman frowned at poor Fred.

"I was going to say I expect a remittance from home in a day or two, and then I'll give you some."

Mrs. Jackson's face twitched about all manner of ways; finally she said:

"If you cannot let me have some money to-morrow, Mr. Grover, I shall feel obliged to you, if you will get another boarding-house."

Fred readily promised to let her have some money the following day, though where he was going to get it from, he hadn't the slightest idea.

However it was a respite, and he shouldn't have to face Mrs. Jackson till the following day.

When we owe money, and promise to pay to-morrow, what a long way off that morrow appears.

When Mrs. Jackson had left the room, Fred put his hands to the bottom of his trousers' pocket, and began to walk about the room with rapid strides.

"What the deuce is to be done? I don't know. Let me see—oh, that is no use, I have pawned everything that is pawnable."

Fred threw himself upon his bed to try and calm himself. He counted all the flies upon the ceiling, and longed to be a fly, because they did not have to pay board bills.

"By Jove, a good idea!" said Fred, starting up, "I'll try and borrow it; very likely Jim can lend it to me." He seized his hat and hurried from the house.

## II.

Attached to the house that Fred has just left is a yard, but called by the landlady a garden; behind that garden is a small lane leading to nowhere in particular, and having its entrance in a street chiefly devoted to tenement-houses, dirt, and squalling children.

About eleven o'clock that evening, a man very carefully looked over the fence that separated

the aforesaid garden from the above-mentioned lane. Looking carefully around, he drew from his pocket a pair of pincers, and commenced breaking off short a few of the spikes that were on the top of the fence, and had been put there, I suppose, for the express purpose of annoying the neighboring cats.

After counting the number he had broken off, by feeling them with his hand, he very carefully climbed to the top of the fence, and then lowered himself into the garden.

"Curse the things," he muttered, having alighted in the middle of a lilac-bush, which slightly scratched him, "there's always something to interfere with a fellow's business."

Having extricated himself from the bush, he crept stealthily toward the yard door, applied his ear to the key-hole, and listened attentively. "Humph! all quiet. So far, so good. Now to business."

He produced an auger from one of the numerous pockets in his coat, and began to bore a hole—so quietly, that you could hardly hear it—in the yard door. When he had finished, he put his arm through the orifice, quietly withdrew the bolts, and entered the house.

When he was inside, by the aid of a dark lantern, he groped his way to the bottom of the basement stairs, and began ascending them, glancing with keen and penetrating eyes at every object around him. On a dumb-water near the dining-room door, a fork had been left, no doubt by the carelessness of one of the servants. His eyes rested upon it; so he went up to it, and examined it carefully.

"Plated!" he exclaimed, in a tone of deep disgust, and put it down again.

Quietly, and as cautiously as before, he ascended the next flight of stairs; tries the handle of a door; it yields to him; he pushes it slowly and noiselessly open; puts his head in; finds it is only the bath room; so he closes the door, and ascends the next flight of stairs.

He hears a key being put into the lock at the hall-door; he holds his breath, and listens attentively. Whoever it is, closes the hall-door behind them, and begin to climb the hall-stairs—he does the same.

At last the top of the house is reached; the footsteps are coming nearer, and at last actually begin to ascend the last flight, at the head of which he is. He opens a door, glances hurriedly around the room, finds it is vacant, rushes to the bed, and crawls underneath.

## III.

At a late hour at night, Fred Grover returned to his boarding-house, tired and disconsolate.—He had been unable to raise any money, consequently in the morning he would have to seek other quarters to live in.

When he entered his room, he threw himself into a chair, lighted his pipe, and puffed out thick columns of smoke, musing as he did so.

"What a fool I've been, spent all my money, and must either beg, borrow, or cheat during the next six months, to live. By Jove! I must leave off this sneering. It's unfair to my father to spend his money in the way that I have been doing."

Fred started up, and placed his forehead against the window-pane, and looked out upon the cold, dark night.

"What a confounded shame it is, that money is not more equally distributed; now that old fellow down stairs, they say, is running over with money. I wonder if he would lend me a little if I were to ask him. Pah! the idea is absurd. How the deuce I am to face Mrs. Jackson in the morning, I don't know. Let me see—no, I have nothing that I can sell—except myself. What a pity it is that Mephistopheles is not going round now, buying up poor devils who want to sell themselves."

"Ah—catch—chew!"

"What's that? It sounded confoundedly like a sneeze. Ha!" And Fred rushed to a corner of the room, seized a sword-cane, drew it, and looked under the bed.

The first thing that met his gaze was the gentleman who, a short time previously, had climbed over the garden fence.

"What do you want? Come out from there." The man came from under the bed, stood up-right, and glared sullenly at Fred.

"Now, my good fellow, what were you doing there?"

"What's the good of talking? You know as well as I do, what I was doing there," said the man.

"You wanted to rob the house, I suppose?"

"This ain't a police court, is it? Take me to one if you're going to, and then I'll tell you what I want to do—perhaps."

"Suppose if I were to let you go, what would you do?"

"Make tracks as fast as I could."

"Umph!—have you any money about you?"

"No."

"Ah, then I can't let you go. I must wake up the house, and get a policeman."

"Hold on. I think I have a little."

"Will you lend me some?"

"How much do you want?"

"Fifty dollars, and I assure you, on my word of honor, I'll return it to you, as soon as I get a remittance from home."

The man offered to lend him twenty, but Fred insisted upon having fifty, or none at all. So, after a deal of talking, the man reluctantly drew a roll of bills from his pocket; counted out fifty dollars, and handed them to Fred, who scrutinized them carefully.

"Umph! they seem good. Now you may go, and don't let me catch you here again. When I'm ready to return it, I'll put an advertisement in some paper to that effect."

The man sulkily left the room. Fred politely lighted him down stairs, closed the hall-door after him, and went to bed.

In the morning he settled Mrs. Jackson's claim, and commenced studying in good earnest. He has now one of the best practices in New York.

Fred put the promised advertisement in the *Herald* several times, but as no one came forward to claim the borrowed money, he handed it over to a charitable society in this city.

"It was hardly the thing," Fred thinks, sometimes, "for the robber to have been robbed."

What do you think, reader?—N. Y. *Mercury*.

## Look Before You Leap.

Farmers along the line of canals are heavy losers by the passengers who are in the habit of going ashore and helping themselves to as much fruit from the orchards as they may desire. If they would only take the fruit from the ground, it would not be so bad, but they almost invariably club off a large quantity to secure some particular peach or apple that suits their fancy, as it hangs upon the tree. What one person takes, does not amount to much, but what is taken by thousands of passengers in this way, foots up a very heavy aggregate. Some years since, I was traveling on a line boat from Troy to Rochester, and our passengers were in the habit of amusing themselves by visiting the various orchards on the route. One young man on the boat, not satisfied with what he could bring on board, in an ordinary way, cut the pockets from his overcoat, so that between the outside and the lining, he could stow away hard to a half bushel. As he brought so many on board, the rest got out of the way of providing for themselves, depending for a supply on his capacious pockets. One day, having put on his foraging coat, as he termed it, he made his way to an apple orchard, and after filling his coat with choice fruit, was about leaving the orchard, with his coat setting out around him very much like a modern belle's crinoline, when he was met by the owner of the orchard.

"Good morning, sir," said the farmer.

"Good morning," said our friend, not at all taken aback, "are you the owner of this fine orchard?"

"Yes," said the farmer.

"Well," said our friend, "I want to pay you for some apples I've just got from it."

"Well, my friend," returned the farmer, "that is more honest than folks usually are who travel on the canal, for the most of them steal their apples, so it does me good to find one disposed to deal fairly. Which tree are they from?"

The young man pointed out the tree, and the farmer continued:

"I am very sorry you took them from that tree, for they are very choice fruit, and I value them highly."

"Oh, well," said the friend, "I am willing to pay you whatever they are worth."

"That makes a difference, said the farmer.—"Well I won't be unreasonable, so we'll call it fifty dollars a bushel."

"What!" said the young man, "you're only joking."

"I didn't intend it for such, at any rate," said the farmer, pointing toward the tree. "Ten days ago that tree was full of apples, and the passengers on the boats have taken them all; it is only reasonable they should pay me for them."

"But," said the young man, beginning to think he had caught a Tartar, "I am willing to pay for what I have got, at any reasonable price; but you're only joking about fifty dollars a bushel."

"Very well," quietly answered the farmer; "if my price don't suit you, you may put them back, and I advise you to inquire the price next time, before you supply yourself."

The young man, glad to get off so easy, went back to the tree, and emptied the contents of his pockets beneath it, the farmer gauding at intervals, "My God! what a pocket!"

"That's all," said our friend, as he turned out the last one, and then turned toward the boat, which was getting in advance.

"Hold on," said the farmer; "you haven't put them back."

"They're all there."

"Well," inquired the farmer, "you took them off the tree, didn't you? I want you to put them back where you got them from."

"Well, that is impossible," said our friend.

"Well, then, all you have to do is to pay me my price, or I'll be hanged if you don't go to jail," said the farmer.

The young man, finding the farmer was in earnest, and the odds against him, was forced to give in. The apples were measured, and twenty dollars changed hands.

"Here," cried the farmer, as the young man was moving off, "you'd better take your apples; you've paid enough for them."

He was too glad to get away to take his advice, and, during the remainder of our trip, there were no other apples eaten than such as we paid for at the stores. Young men, going to Niagara by way of the canal, please make a note.

The first speech made by Gov. Banks, of Massachusetts, was in an assembly of farmers; and the first official honor he received was from an engine company in Waltham.

## That Thomas Cat

We stated a long time ago, that there would be trouble some moonlight night among the cats that congregate on the long shed in the rear of our dwelling. We gave notice that we had wasted more wood on them than we could spare—that we had used up all the bricksbats that we could lay our hands on—that we had thrown away something less than a ton of coal—and had smashed a window on the opposite block. All this proving of no avail, we said we had got a double barreled gun and percussion caps, and powder and shot, and some morning after a moonlight night somebody's cat wouldn't come home to breakfast, or if it did it would be troubled with the dumps. We gave fair notice of our grievances, and what we intended to do about them.

Well, the moon came up on Monday night, with her great, round face, and went walking up the sky with a queenly step, throwing her light, like a mantle of brightness, over the whole earth. We love the calm of a moonlight night, in the still Spring time, and the cats of our part of the town love it too; for they come from every quarter—from the sheds around the National Garden—from the kitchen and the stables—creeping stealthily and softly along the tops of the fences and along the sheds, and clambering up the boards that lean up against the out-buildings, they set themselves down, more or less of them in their old trysting place—right opposite our chamber window. To all this we had, in the abstract, no objection. If a cat wishes to take a quiet walk by moonlight—if he chooses to go out for his pleasure or his profit, it is no particular business of ours, and we haven't a word to say.

Cats have rights, and we have no disposition to interfere with them. But they must keep the peace. They must get up no disorderly meetings, no unlawful assemblies. If they choose to hold a convention, they can do so, for all of us—but they must go about it decently and in order. They must talk matters over quietly; there must be no rioting, no fighting.—They must refrain from the use of profane language—they must not swear. There is a law against all this, and we warned them long ago that we would stand no such nonsense. We said we'd let drive among them with a double barreled gun loaded with powder and duck shot, and we meant it. But those cats didn't believe a word we said. They didn't believe we had any gun, or knew how to use it if we had. And one great Maltese (with eyes like tea plates, and a tail like a Bologna sausage), grinned and sniggered, and spit in derision at defiance at our threats. "Very well," said we, "very well, Mr. Tom Cat, very well indeed! On your devoted head be it, Mr. Tom Cat. Just try it on, Mr. Thomas Cat, and see who will then get the worst of it."

We said the moon came up on Monday night with her great round face; and all the little stars hid themselves, as if ashamed of their twinkles to the splendor of her superior brightness. We retired, after the baby had been put to sleep in his crib, and the rumble of carriages and carts had ceased in the streets, and the shrill scream of the 10 o'clock train had died away into silence, with a quiet conscience, and in confidence that we should find that repose to which one who has wronged no man during the day is justly entitled.

It may have been 11 o'clock, possibly midnight, when we were awakened from a pleasant slumber by a babel of unearthly sounds to the rear of our chamber. We knew what those sounds meant—they had cost us fuel enough to have lasted us a week. We raised the window, and there, as of old, right opposite us, on the north end of that long shed, was an assemblage of all the cats in our part of the town.

We were not precise as to numbers, but it is our honest belief that there were less than 300 of them; and if one among them all was silent, we didn't succeed in discovering which it was.

There was that same old Maltese, with his great saucer eyes and sausage tail; and over against him sat a monstrous brindie; and off at his right was an old spotted ratter; and on his left was one, black as a wolf's mouth, all but his eyes which glared with a sulphurous and lurid brightness; and dotted all around, over a space of thirty feet square, were dozens of all sizes and colors—and such growling and spitting, and shrieking and swearing, never before broke, with hideous discord, the silence of midnight!

We loaded our double barreled gun, by candle-light, and we put plenty of powder and a handful of shot into each barrel. We adjusted the caps carefully, and stepped out of the window upon the narrow roof upon which it opens.

We were then just fifty feet from the cat convention, and we addressed ourselves to the chairman (the old Maltese), in a distinct and audible voice, and cried "S'cat!" He did not recognize our right to the floor, but went right on with the business of the meeting. "S'cat?" cried we again, more emphatically than before, but were answered by an extra shriek from the chairman, and a fiercer scream from the whole assembly. "S'cat once?" cried we again, and we brought our gun to a present. "S'cat twice?" and we aimed straight at the chairman, and covering half a dozen others in the range. "S'cat three times?" and we let drive. Bang! went the left-hand barrel. Such scampering, such leaping off of the shed, such running away over the eaves of the out-buildings,

over the tops of wood-sheds, was never seen before. The echoes of the firing had hardly died away, when the whole assemblage was broken up and dispersed.

"Thomas," said we, the next morning, to the boy who does chores for us, "there seems to be a cat asleep out on that shed, go up and scare it away."

Thomas clambered up on the shed and went up to where the cat lay, and lifting it up by the tail, hallooed back to us, "This cat can't be waked up, it can't be scared away—it's dead!" After examining it a moment, "somebody has been shooting it!" said he, as he tossed it down into the yard.

"You don't say so," said we.

That cat was the old Maltese, the chairman of that convention—but he won't preside over another very soon. We don't know where he boarded, or who claimed title to him. What we do know is, that it cost a quarter to have him buried or thrown into the river; and if anybody owned him, all we ask is, that he should pay us back our quarter, and the difference between his value and that of the powder and shot expended on him. We'll throw in the vexation of being broken of our rest, and the wickedness of using certain expletives—under the excitement of the occasion—which are not to be found in any of the good books of the day.—*Exchange*.

MR. JOHN A. WASHINGTON AND MOUNT VERNON.—Mr. Andrew H. Dawson, of Georgia, in a recent lecture, in New York, thus defends Mr. John A. Washington from the charges of "extortion," &c., in disposing of Mount Vernon.

In the first place, he never did offer Mount Vernon for sale. Purchasers had sought him, but he had not sought a market. He had been importuned to sell, but had said "buy" to nobody. A lady representing the Mount Vernon Association, had spent a week there, negotiating, and Mr. Washington had finally consented to sell. The next question was: "Why did he consent to sell?" He had reasons in plenty. Visitors thronged to the spot, some in pelted by patriots, and others my more curiosity; and their vandalism had stripped the trees and shrubbery, laid waste the grounds, and were constantly invading the privacy of his family. For over forty years they had been lodging and feeding visitors to Mount Vernon, and no private family could justly be charged with such an expense. When first applied to, he absolutely refused to sell, as he had a right to do; and for that he was abused. Then he reconsidered that determination, and consented to sell, for which he was again lampooned. He fixed his price at \$50,000 less than he had been offered by private parties, and yet he was accused with extortion.

It had been alleged that he offered to take \$100,000 for Mount Vernon from Gen. Scott. He had not only Mr. Washington's assurance that this was false, but on the 23d of February last at a hotel in Richmond, he asked Gen. Scott himself the question, and the reply was emphatically: "Never! never! never!" When Gen. Scott, as the representative of the Government, applied, and the price named was \$200,000, it was refused, not because the price was too great, but because it was too much to pay for a site for a hospital for infirm soldiers. Pending this negotiation, a third party offered \$250,000; but Mr. Washington positively refused, showing that he had some honor. He thus sacrificed \$50,000, to preserve our national honor; and they could not ask him to contribute more. His duty to his children forbade it.

BIG COUNTRY.—A writer in the N. O. *True Delta*, exhibits a bigoted admiration of his own country by cataloguing some of the big doing of nature within the boundaries of the United States, thus: The largest, in extent in the world is Niagara Falls, where, in a stream three-quarters of a mile wide, the waters of the great lakes plunges a hundred and sixty feet.

The largest cave—the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where you can make a voyage on a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes—the nose "having it" entirely.

The largest river—the Mississippi—4,100 miles in length.

The largest valley—that of the Mississippi—containing half a million square miles, and one of the most fertile regions on the globe.

The largest lake—Lake Superior—430 miles long.

The largest natural bridge—that of Cedar Creek in Virginia, of 80 feet span, and over a gap 250 feet deep.

The largest mass of iron—the Pilot Knob Iron Mountain, in Missouri, 350 feet high and two miles around.

The longest Railroad—the Illinois Central—731 miles in length, and costing \$16,000,000.

The greatest number of miles of railroad in proportion to surface, is in Massachusetts, where there is more than a mile of road to every square mile of territory.

The longest aqueduct—the Croton of New York—404 miles long.

This last has been beaten by the aqueduct of Madrid, Spain, just finished. It is fifty miles in length.

"Sir," said a pompous personage, who undertook to bully an editor, "do you know that I take your paper?" "I've no doubt you take it," replied he of the quill, "for several of my honest subscribers have been complaining lately about missing their papers."

Mrs. Fly was asked if she kneaded her dough or beat it up with a stick. If you find anybody that "needs the dough" more than I do," said she, "pity take mercy on 'em!"

The Cable is laid.



# The Fireman's Journal

AND MILITARY GAZETTE.  
MARCUS D. BORUCK, Editor  
SAN FRANCISCO  
SATURDAY, OCT. 2, 1858.

## Official.

Notice is hereby given that there will be an election for Chief Engineer and First and Second Assistant Engineers, of the City of San Francisco, at the City Hall, on MONDAY, the 4th day of October, 1858, pursuant to law. The polls will be open from 6 p. m. to 9 p. m.

J. H. Laseur, Warren Engine Co., Judge.  
Chas. Ball, Tubac Engine Co., Judge.  
F. C. Chase, Mutual Engine Co., Judge.  
Clerk—G. M. Scott, Eureka Engine Co.

## Correspondence.

F. E. R. Whitney, Esq., Chief Engineer of the San Francisco Fire Department.

DEAR SIR—We, the undersigned, beg your acceptance of the enclosed donation to the Fireman's Cemetery Fund, as a slight indication of our high appreciation of the consummate skill, and the almost superhuman exertions of the members of the Department in subduing the conflagration of this morning, thereby preserving from destruction much valuable property. We also take this occasion of expressing to you our best wishes for your prosperity, and long-continued success of our noble fire organization.

G. & F. L. Castle, \$100.00  
De La Rue & Schreiner, 100.00  
New Orleans Warehouse, 50.00  
Bragg, Rollison & Co., 25.00  
Thos. J. Haynes & Co., 25.00  
J. H. Selby & Co., 25.00  
Jones & Bendish, 20.00  
Washburn & Co., 10.00  
McKuer & Merrill, 10.00  
Geo. H. Davis, 10.00  
Conroy & O'Connor, 10.00  
R. S. Ellis & Co., 10.00  
Total, \$415.00

SAN FRANCISCO, OCT. 1858.

To Messrs. G. & F. L. Castle and others.  
GENTLEMEN—In behalf of the Committee of the Fireman's Cemetery Fund, and of the Fire Department generally, I acknowledge the receipt of four hundred and fifteen dollars, (\$415) the same to be applied as specified by you. With many thanks for your liberal donation, believe me, Yours truly,  
F. E. R. WHITNEY,  
Chief Engineer S. F. F. D.

THE ALTA.—The proprietors of the *Alta* had a fine printing press in the line of procession, on Monday, which excited a great deal of interest. Odes, cards and programmes were printed during the march, and to crown all, a beautiful miniature paper filled with pleasant reading matter, programmes of the day and evening festivities, advertisements, &c.; in fact it was a counterpart of the *Alta*, only on a small scale. The typography and presswork were excellent; and the whole affair reflected great credit on the proprietors, MacCrellish & Co. It was one of the features of the procession.

A NEW DRAMA.—We have been shown the MSS. of a new and highly interesting drama, entitled "A Strange Story," from the pen of a gentleman of this city. The "plot" is one of deep interest and is well carried out through the various scenes; the language is chaste, elegant, and expressive. The drama is one of unusual merit, and cannot fail to attract crowded houses. We understand that it is the intention of the author to produce it at the Lyceum, sometime during the coming week. We heartily wish him every success.

STOCKTON.—The firemen of Stockton had a fine torchlight procession on Monday night, and a very successful one. After marching through the principal streets of the city, the line was marshalled in front of the City Hall, where an address suitable for the occasion, was delivered by H. B. Underhill, ex-President of the Fire Department. The illuminations throughout the city were very general. All the engine houses were brilliantly lighted and decorated.

WELL DONE.—The Stratton of Volunteer 7, one of the City Hall bell ringers, was on duty from 4 p. m. Monday evening, until 2 1/2 a. m. Tuesday morning, and to his watchfulness and care may be attributed the fact that no unnecessary alarms were given, although at several points, illuminations and bonfires gave strong indications of "reality." Mr. Stratton has done his duty satisfactorily since holding his present position.

It—Having been stated that about two hundred pounds of powder was found on the premises of A. S. Taylor, by the Public Administrator, we will state that we have been informed by those competent to know, that the powder in question was procured for the purposes of the celebration on Monday last, and that it was not the habit of "Natchez" to keep any such amount on hand for the demands of his business.

ARRIVED.—The Hunneman engine for Yreka engine company No. 1, of Yreka, per bark Peruvian, from Boston. The apparatus will not be put together here, but will be immediately shipped to Yreka. We hope soon to hear of some tall playing from "Siskiyou."

PRESENTATION.—Chief Engineer Whitney, and Assistant Engineer Van Orden were presented with a bouquet of flowers each, by Mrs. Mary Ann Brown, on Mission street, during the progress of the procession. They were very beautiful, and highly appreciated by the recipients.

WE—Are requested to acknowledge in behalf of the officers of the Department, the kindness and courtesy extended to them by the officers of the Telegraph Stations, in this city; and that the Department fully appreciates their liberality.

THE HERALD.—The most just and faithful account of the firemen's torchlight procession, in this city, appeared in the *Herald* of Wednesday and the firemen are not very apt to forget such "little" affairs. The *Alta's* account was also very good.

AT—The invitation of Captain Folger of the firm of Moore & Folger, Howard 8 and California 4, partook of a substantial breakfast, after the fire on yesterday morning, which by the way (the breakfast) was very acceptable.

DAN DRISCOLL.—Will accept our best thanks for a beautiful supply of ice, during the late "earthquake" days. Dan, will remember you.

THANKS.—To Frank Reynolds, of the *Alta* Express, for full files of interior papers, sent regular to this office.

AN ADDITION.—The "Golden Gate" brought an addition of at least three hundred persons to the population of this State.

PLACERVILLE.—The firemen of this city, formed the feature in the "Cable" procession on Monday last. Their turn-out was effective and elegant.

## The Grand Celebration

BY THE  
SAN FRANCISCO FIRE DEPARTMENT.  
IN HONOR OF THE SUCCESS OF THE  
ATLANTIC CABLE.  
Monday Evening, Sept. 27, 1858.

Immediately upon receipt of the information, that the Atlantic Cable had been successfully laid, and the old and new world united by an iron bond of friendship, the firemen of this city determined, with their usual promptitude and patriotism to unite with the people of San Francisco, in commemorating the greatest event of the age.

At a meeting of the Board of Firemen of the Department it was decided, that the firemen should do their part, by having a grand torchlight procession, on the evening of the day chosen, to celebrate the "Cable success."

The duty devolving upon the firemen however, commenced on Sunday, when the reception of their guests from abroad, took place. The Chief Engineer of the Department having received telegraphic dispatches to the effect, that the "San Joaquin" Engine Company No. 3, of Stockton, "Solano" Engine Company No. 1, Benicia, would arrive by the Stockton boat; he requested the various companies to send delegations to act as an escort, which was complied with by the following companies: Empire 1, 20 men; Manhattan 2, 16 men; Howard 3, 17 men; California 4, 24 men; Monumental 6, 12 men; Pacific 8, 25 men; Vigilant 9, 14 men; Columbian 11, 12 men; Pennsylvania 12, 12 men; Tiger 14, 14 men; and Hook and Ladder 3, 12 men. All these men were in charge of an officer of their respective companies, and made a creditable appearance.

As soon as the boat was made fast, Chief Engineer Whitney stepped aboard, and welcomed the stranger firemen to San Francisco. The Benicia firemen, to the number of 28 men, then came ashore, and Mr. Hayden, their Foreman, was introduced by Assistant Engineer Walsh, to D. W. Crane, Foreman of Howard Engine Company No. 3, who extended to the Solano the hospitality of the Howard's, during their sojourn. The San Joaquin Engine Company No. 3, to the number of 52 men, came ashore, and Mr. Philip Neistrath, First Assistant Engineer of the Stockton Fire Department, and acting Foreman of the San Joaquin, was presented to Mr. George H. Hoffsoff, and by him welcomed to the hospitality of Monumental Engine Company No. 6, during their stay in the city. The apparatus of the San Joaquin Company was then brought on to the wharf, and the rope manned by the different delegations. Mr. Van Orden then marched the visiting companies along the line, the usual salutes being passed.

This being over, the line of march was then taken up, the Chief Engineer leading, and passed through Jackson street, by Pacific 8's house (which company gracefully saluted the line), to Battery street, to California, where at the house of Howard 3, the Benicia firemen were left. The line continued on to Montgomery street, to Sacramento, to Kearny, to Clay, to the house of Monumental 6, where the San Joaquin Company were left, and where the line was dismissed. Accompanying the Stockton Company were John W. Hart, R. S. Ellsworth, and John Horn, of Weber Engine Company No. 1, of Stockton, and who were made welcome by the friends of No. 3. It is due, at this point, to say to our visiting friends, that their reception without music was because the time was Sunday, and as the march was compelled to be in the neighborhood of several churches, it was deemed expedient by the officers of the Department, to dispense with a band.

On Sunday evening the Benicia firemen were escorted by the Howard's to their quarters at the Oriental Hotel, and at 9 o'clock a sumptuous collation was prepared for them, at which Chief Engineer Whitney, Mr. Hoffsoff, and Mr. Silverthorn were present.

The San Joaquin Engine Company No. 3 visited the "German Theatre," in the evening, by invitation, and were accompanied by several of the prominent members of the Department.

On Monday morning, at the request of Chief Engineer Whitney, delegations from several of the companies, assembled at the Jackson street wharf to receive the firemen from San Jose, who had notified the Chief of their intention to visit the city. The following delegations were present, each in charge of an officer: From Empire 1, 10 men, and 6 hose boys; Manhattan 2, 20 men; Howard 3, 17 men; Knickerbocker 5, 6 men; Pacific 8, 10 men; Vigilant 9, 10 men; Columbian 11, 12 men; and the San Joaquin Engine Company No. 3, 50 men.

The boat arrived at 11 o'clock, and Chief Engineer Whitney, through Levi Peck, acting Chief Engineer of the San Jose Fire Department, invited them under his command to partake of the hospitality of their brethren of San Francisco, and informed him that the house of Empire Engine Co. No. 1, David Scannel, Foreman, would be their home during their stay.

The San Jose firemen, then formed in line, on the wharf, in the following order: Empire Engine Co. No. 1, 25 men; V. C. Ritchie, Foreman; Torrent Engine Co. No. 2, 25 men; John Murphy, Foreman; and Franklin Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1, 25 men; A. J. Haskell, Foreman. The march was the same as with the other visitors to the house of Empire Engine Company No. 1, on Sacramento street, where the guests were received in the most hospitable manner.

After all the visiting firemen had been taken care of, the officers of the Department, and in fact all connected with the organization, proceeded to make arrangements for the grand Fire Department parade, in the evening, and in which the visiting firemen participated; and we have never seen the Department enter with such zeal and interest into the consummation of any celebration as the one of which we write. Harmony and good feeling pervaded every branch of the organization, and an endeavor conceived and maintained that no outside issue should interfere to mar the proceedings about to take place; and the good old time when the Department acted as a unit, came back again. Throughout the day, members were busy at their different houses, getting all things in readiness, and every exertion was made by the companies to render the entire affair a success.

All day the houses of the various Engine and Truck Companies were magnificently draped in flags. That of Empire 1 had a line of flags stretched across Sacramento street, opposite their house, and flags streaming from the pole on top. Manhattan 2 had their house splendidly draped in flags. Howard 3 had a line of flags extended across the street opposite their house, and flags and streamers from the pole. California 4 had a number of flags streaming from the pole on their cupola. Knickerbocker 5 had a line of flags stretched across the street in front of their house, and a number of flags from the house-top. Monumental 6 displayed the American Flag from the cupola. From the house of Volunteer 7, the most splendid display of flags was made of any company in the Department; they were countless, and shown to great advantage. They were stretched from the flag-staff across the street, and at different angles, and looked elegant. Pacific 8 had a line of flags extended across Jackson street, opposite their house, and innumerable flags from the pole. Vigilant 9 displayed the American Flag from the pole in front of their house; also, Crescent 10, Columbian 11, Pennsylvania 12, Young America 13, Tiger 14, St. Francis H. and L. 1, Lafayette H. and L. 2, and Sansome H. and L. 3.

When evening approached, the judiciousness of the members of the Department in selecting that time for the parade, became evident. The scene was one of perfect grandeur, and the city one blaze of light. The weather was all that could be desired; scarcely a breath of air disturbed the quiet of the evening.

For the purpose of leaving the hills as soon as possible, and by that means keep the men from too fatigued than has usually been their lot to undergo in all parades, the line was formed by Chief Engineer Whitney on Powell street, the right street on Green street, facing Westward; he acting as Grand Marshal, assisted by Frederick D. Kohler, ex-Chief Engineer, William McKibbin, ex-Assistant Engineer, and William S. O'Brien, ex-Foreman of California Engine Company No. 4, as Aid, together with First Assistant Engineer, David T. Van Orden, Second Assistant Engineer, L. H. Robie, and Third Assistant Engineer, C. Walsh, as Marshals.

The line was formed at 7 1/2 o'clock, and about 8, the procession moved through the streets named below: Countermarching down Powell to Washington, to Stockton, to Broadway, to Dupont, to Washington, to Kearny, to Pacific, to Montgomery, to Jackson, to Front, to California, to Sansome, to Sacramento, to Dupont, to Bush, to Kearny, to Third, to Howard, to Second, to Minnie, to First, to Market, to Sansome, to Pine, to Montgomery, to Washington, to Brenham Place, form a circle around the Plaza, and then dismiss.

The procession was headed by the American Band, after which came  
EMPIRE ENGINE COMPANY No. 1.  
Under command of David Scannel, Foreman, and to the exertions of this gentleman, and his earnest co-operation with the Chief Engineer and officers of the Department, is much of the success of the "fireman's celebration," due, and the acknowledgment is made in justice to Mr. Scannel.

The "Empires" had their fine apparatus with them, manned by eight men. Preceding the engine, a number of boys carried handsomely painted transparent balloons, or Chinese lanterns. The engine was beautifully decorated—A Temple of Liberty being erected on the deck, covered with flowers, and in it was placed a sweet little girl, six years of age, a daughter of H. B. Platt Esq., a member of the Company. After the engine came the Hose Carriage with twenty-two men; the carriage was tastefully trimmed with flowers and decorated with Chinese lanterns.

The appearance of this company on the line of march, was very fine, and elicited the highest praise from all.  
MANHATTAN ENGINE COMPANY No. 2.  
Followed, numbering sixty men, under command of David L. Beck, Foreman, having with them their apparatus; the Hose Carriage then followed drawn by 25 boys, and with both, 6 boys with guide flags. The apparatus looked well. On the Hose Carriage, were a little boy and girl appropriately costumed. While the company were on the march, they were presented on Mission street, with a beautiful wreath and bouquet for the Hose Carriage, by Miss Kate Dennis. As the Manhattan passed under the banner stretched across First street, opposite Donohue's Foundry, the Company uncovered in respect to the memory of Steers, the great American ship builder. The Company did not decorate their apparatus, having with them their old machine. They looked well in line, and made a good display.

Howard Engine Company No. 3.  
Followed, numbering 80 men, under command of D. W. Crane, their Foreman. They had with them the splendid "Brannan" Engine and Hose Carriage, and made a splendid display. The "king" bolt of the Engine broke at the corner of Broadway and Powell streets, and the Company were compelled to leave the line to have it repaired, which was done, and they resumed their position again, at the corner of California and Sansome streets.

CALIFORNIA ENGINE COMPANY No. 4.  
Next followed, with their apparatus, manned by sixty-five men, under command of the Foreman, John W. Farren. The engine was appropriately and tastefully decorated. Handsome bouquets of flowers were placed in the nozzles of the pipes; a splendid blue satin flag in the shape of a shield, fell in graceful folds from the front of the engine, and on it was the name of the company and the date of organization. Above it, and on each side of the bell, were placed small white flags, with the coat of arms of England and America. These flags were presented to the company, and the painting exquisitely done by Geo. W. Hayes, First Assistant Foreman of the company. After the engine came the hose carriage of the company, under the name of the Alert Hose Company, and drawn by sixteen boys. The carriage was prettily decorated and looked well. This company never appeared before to such advantage, and it has seldom been our lot to see such marked order and decorum preserved by any body of men, as by No. 4, on this occasion. It was highly creditable to their officers and themselves.

SAN FRANCISCO HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY No. 1.  
Came next, the truck drawn by four horses.—Forty of the men turned out, under the command of their Foreman, George A. Worn. The truck was elegantly illuminated, having no less than 160 lamps ranged from tongue to tiler, on a pyramid of ladders, and when moving, it appeared as one mass of fire. On the tongue end of the truck the American Flag was displayed, and on the tiler end, the English Flag, which were connected together by a rope representing the cable. It was conceded on all sides that this was one of the greatest features of the occasion, and the committee of arrangements of the company, deserve great credit for the taste displayed upon that occasion. The St. Francis brought up the rear of the first division (under the late order passed by the Board of Firemen), and was under the direction of First Assistant Engineer Van Orden, who fulfilled the duties of his position with great success, and won for himself the good opinion of his command, and those who witnessed the affair.

After the St. Francis came the Second Division headed by a fine band, then came  
MONUMENTAL ENGINE COMPANY No. 6.  
This company turned out eighty-three men, under command of their Foreman, George H. Hoffsoff. They had with them their little engine, the "Telegraph," which was handsomely decorated.—They also had with them three transparencies.—On the first was "Monumental 6, Telegraph;" and on another, "The electric spark, the only spark we do not throw cold water on." Upon the engine was a figure of a fireman, life-size, and dressed in uniform. This company as usual looked and marched well.

VOLUNTEER ENGINE COMPANY No. 7.  
Followed, numbering 40 men, without their apparatus, under command of their 1st Assistant Foreman, J. J. Fenton. On account of fatigue, (having been compelled to turn out with the Military Companies), Mr. Lane was not able to turn out. The Company made a fine display, and in their neat equipments, added to the attractions of the

parade. The "Volunteers," in all matters appertaining to the present display, have co-operated in every way with the officers of the Department.  
PACIFIC ENGINE COMPANY No. 8.  
Then followed, with their beautiful new engine, built by Jeffers, and manned by about seventy men, under command of their Foreman, M. S. Neufus. The engine was splendidly decorated, although its own beauty was a feature in itself, with wreaths, bouquets, guide-flags, and variegated lanterns, presenting a magnificent appearance. The members of Pacific 8 may well be proud of their new engine, for it is certainly one of the handsomest in the State. After No. 8 came  
SAN JOAQUIN ENGINE COMPANY No. 3,  
OF STOCKTON.

Having with them their apparatus drawn by fifty men, under command of their Foreman, Philip Neistrath. This company made a very creditable display, and their gentlemanly bearing was remarkable.  
SOLANO ENGINE COMPANY No. 1 OF BENICIA.  
Followed, to the number of 28 men, under command of their Foreman, C. W. Hayden. They looked well, and commanded much attention.

THE SAN JOSE FIRE DEPARTMENT.  
Came next represented by the "Empire Engine Co." No. 1, 25 men; Torrent Engine Co. No. 2, 25 men; and Franklin H. & L. Co. No. 1, 25 men. They were a splendid looking body of men, and created a most favorable impression.

Charles S. Brooks, 1st Assistant Engineer of the Sacramento Fire Department, and Jacob Levy, 1st Assistant Engineer of the Marysville Fire Department, marched in line, at the head of the visiting firemen equipped in the uniform of their respective Departments.  
VIOLANT ENGINE COMPANY No. 9.  
Followed, numbering eighty men, under command of their Foreman, John Short, and drawing their splendid engine and hose carriage. The "Niner" could not have looked better, and the taste displayed in decorations and ornaments was greatly admired. This company never does anything by halves, and on the occasion of the parade fully sustained their reputation.

CRESCENT ENGINE COMPANY No. 10.  
Succeeded, numbering seventy men, under command of their Foreman, William Free. They had with them their old apparatus, with which they have for years done excellent service. The apparatus was tastefully decorated, and formed a great attraction in the line.

LAFAYETTE HOOK AND LADDER CO. No. 2.  
Came next, closing the Second Division. They numbered 60 men, and were under command of their Foreman, Henry A. Cobb. In their hands, the company uniform, they presented a fine appearance. Considering the Lafayette's parade during the evening, their representation during the evening was commendable.

The Second Division was under the command of Second Assistant Engineer Robie, and was the largest of the three divisions. Its arrangements were well conducted.  
THIRD DIVISION.  
Led by an excellent band, and succeeding Lafayette, came  
COLUMBIAN ENGINE COMPANY No. 11.  
Numbering 72 men, under command of their Foreman Alexander Devoe. They had their apparatus with them, which was handsomely decorated with flowers, flags, and ribbons. The Columbian did credit to themselves and to the Department, in the handsome manner in which they turned out. They bore a conspicuous part in the procession and received great praise for their quiet, gentlemanly bearing.

PENNSYLVANIA ENGINE COMPANY No. 12.  
Succeeded No. 11. On account of the painting on the elegant apparatus of this Company not being in a condition to parade with it, they turned out 40 men, in uniform, under command of their Foreman, Frank Edwards. To say that this Company looked finely in their handsome uniform, would be to repeat a thrice told tale. Their equipments are certainly beautiful, and when on parade, are very showy.

YREKA AMERICA ENGINE COMPANY No. 13.  
Followed, numbering thirty men, under command of their Foreman, Michael Hayes. They were without their apparatus. They presented an excellent appearance, and were gladly welcomed in the line.

SANSOME HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY No. 3.  
Closed the Third Division. They were headed by twelve pioneers, and followed by thirty members of the company in citizen's dress, and had a banner carried by a gentleman from Africa, upon which were the words "Last, but not least." The truck was drawn by six black horses, appropriately caparisoned, owned and driven by Wm. White; each led by a groom dressed in the same uniform as the company. The truck-heads were decorated with American and English flags. The company also had with them their large banner, which they had painted in 1851, at an expense of \$1,700, together with four transparencies with appropriate devices. F. A. Bartlett, Pyrotechnist of the company, made a brilliant display of fireworks during the progress of the truck through the line. The company was under command of R. N. Van Brunt, Foreman. The whole arrangement of the Sansome was unique, and was a marked feature of the procession.

The Third Division was under the direction of Third Assistant Engineer, Cornelius Walsh, and was faultlessly conducted.  
THE ILLUMINATION.  
All along the line of march of the Fire Department, the scene was magnificent, and with at least one thousand torches scattered through the different Companies, the effect was brilliant in the extreme. The expression of opinion on the part of all, that there was a grandeur around and about the whole affair, which stamps the Firemen of this city, as being un-excelled in such displays.

The house of Empire 1, was brilliantly illuminated from top to bottom. That of Manhattan 2, was lit up throughout, and a transparency in front, with the following devices:  
"Field and Bright—Niagara and Agamemnon—England and the United States."  
The house of Howard 3, was splendidly illuminated from top to bottom, candles burning at every window pane, and blue lights burning on the roof and on the sidewalks in front. Along the front of the house was a handsome transparency, bearing the following device:  
"Old Neptune, extinguish the fire, That thrills through our Trans-Atlantic wire." Also, "America and England," with the armorial bearings of both countries, on shields, and the cap of Liberty over the centre of the house.

The house of California 4, was elegantly illuminated. In front of the house was a large transparency with the words:  
"The iron bond of friendship, which unites the Old and New World."  
At the rear of it were small transparencies, with the names of "Franklin," "Morse," "Field," "Steers," "Brooke" and "Smith" inscribed thereon. In the cupola was a red, white, and blue transparency. As the procession passed the house of No. 4, there was a magnificent display of fireworks.

The house of No. 5 was splendidly illuminated, and had a large transparency with the following neat and admirable motto:  
"The Magnetic Battery; the artillery of thought, its discharges will enlighten the world."  
Monumental 6, had their house illuminated throughout.

Volunteer 7's house, was superbly illuminated from cupola to sidewalk. The following devices were displayed in front of their house:  
"Behold these flags; their future is brightening. Now Science is anchored to her cable of lightning."  
Another read:  
"Behold the spreadeth his light upon it, And covereth the bottom of the sea—Job, 36, 30."

Still another was:  
"Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, And say unto thee, 'We have seen thee?—Job, 38, 35." In front of the house, was a large transparency painted, representing "Brother Jonathan," throwing a lasso over St. Paul's steeple, and calling to Johnny Bull "Give me the steeple, and I'll put a girdle about the earth, in a little less than forty minutes." Johnny stands there with his bag of \$3,000,000, all ready to pounce down.

Pacific 8's house was finely illuminated, there being no less than 200 candles in front of the building.  
The houses of 9, 10, and 11 were lit up from top to bottom.  
That of Pennsylvania 12 was handsomely illuminated. Their house was blazing with light, and following transparencies were displayed: "Morse and Field," with the motto of the United States, "E Pluribus Unum," and that of England, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Another rather quaint motto was, "Married at Friend's Meeting, on the 14th ult., Jonathan Columbia to Emerald Hibernia; we wish them joy." A very striking transparency was, "The Atlantic Cable, the symbolic end that unites mother and child." In another were the names of "Morse, Field and Burke," and still another contained the following: "The Nineteenth Century wrought the eighth wonder, by maintaining its commerce with the weapon of Thunder."

The House of Tiger 14, was handsomely illuminated throughout. The cupola was brilliantly lit up and decorated with various emblems and devices, and looked admirably.  
The house of St. Francis Hook and Ladder 1 was lit up. That of Lafayette Hook and Ladder 2 was magnificently illuminated. Large balloons, twelve feet high, were hanging from the top of the pole on the cupola.  
The house was decorated with small transparencies, so arranged as to represent the French colors—There were large transparencies on the balcony, with the following in large letters: "Franklin and Lafayette," "Science and Progress." The house of Sansome 3 was lit up throughout.

After marching over the route laid down, this gorgeous pageant encircled the Plaza, and then dismissed. From its inception to the close, this affair has been a marked success. Chief Engineer Whitney is deserving of every commendation for the part he took in it. He used every exertion to render it worthy of the Department and creditable to the city, and how far he succeeded, the parade is an evidence. To his Aids and Marshals much credit is due for their assistance, and to the Foremen of the Department who participated, all honor and praise is their right.

After the procession dismissed, San Jose Fire Department partook of a collation, at the house of Engine Company No. 1, on Sacramento street, where wine, wit, and sentiment prevailed until a late, or rather early hour.

The St. Francis Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, partook, by invitation of Geo. W. Gibbs, President of the Company, of a splendid repast, at the Restaurant of Saulman, on Montgomery, near Sacramento street. The affair was strictly a Company one, and the utmost hilarity predominated.

THE RETURN HOME.  
At 12, M., on Tuesday, the San Jose Firemen preceded by a fine Band of music, and escorted by Chief Engineer Whitney; Assistant Engineers Van Orden, Robie, and Mr. P. Hunt, 1st Assistant Foreman of Empire 1, with delegations from Nos. 1, 2, 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, and 12, proceeded to the San Jose Boat. When they arrived at Jackson street Wharf, they found the "Young America" had departed; but Capt. Thorne, hearing the music, headed his steamer for the wharf again and very kindly took the firemen aboard: after which, she sped on her way, amid the cheering of the men, and music of the band. The San Jose Firemen by their conduct, during their stay here stamped themselves as true gentlemen, and the Firemen of San Francisco are proud to extend courtesies to those of like character. On the return of the escort to their respective homes, they partook of refreshments at the Saloon of W. K. Patton, at the invitation of Mr. William McKibbin and afterwards, at the invitation of Mr. A. C. Campbell.

ON TUESDAY, at 2, P. M., Monumental Engine Company No. 6, gave a champagne lunch to their guests, San Joaquin Engine Company No. 3, and the visiting firemen; those from San Jose being unable to attend. At the hour appointed the Stockton firemen having already assembled, the Solano Company, under escort of Geo. H. Hoffsoff, Foreman, and a delegation of 6's company, together with the Chief and Assistant Engineers of the Department, the whole preceded by an excellent band of music, marched up Clay street, to Brenham Place. As the guests came up, they were received by a salute from a gun procured for the purpose, the doors of No. 6 were thrown open, and those invited ushered into the hall of the company, where was spread before them a most sumptuous repast. Mr. Hoffsoff called the assemblage to order, and in a few brief and appropriate remarks, cordially invited all present to participate, which they did with profusion, and extended with that sincere welcome, for which the Monumentals are proverbial.

After due justice had been done to the good things spread before the company, speeches were made by Mr. Hoffsoff, Chief Engineer Whitney, C. W. Hayden, Foreman of Solano 1, Philip Neistrath, Foreman of San Joaquin 3, Assistant Engineers, Van Orden, Robie and Walsh, D. W. Crane, Foreman of No. 3, G. A. Worn, Foreman of Hook and Ladder 1, M. D. Boruck, of No. 4, W. C. Butler, of No. 5, J. Cappriss, and Wm. H. Silverthorn, of No. 6, Charles H. Gough, of No. 9, and others. The utmost harmony and good feeling characterized the whole affair, and was the occasion of an interchange of sentiment which will redound to the benefit of the Department.—At 3 1/2 o'clock, the Solano Company were notified that the hour of departure had arrived, and after being heartily cheered, proceeded to the steamer Helen Henley, under escort of the officers of the Department, delegations from the various companies, the San Joaquin Company, together with the band. On the wharf the customary salutes were passed, and as the boat left, repeated cheers were given.

It was not our good fortune to be thrown much into the society of the Benicia firemen, but from what we hear from the Howard's, they were undoubtedly every way worthy of all the attention shown them. On the return of the delegations to their houses, they partook of refreshments at the saloon of L. H. Robie, Second Assistant Engineer, at his invitation.

SAN JOAQUIN ENGINE COMPANY No. 3.  
This Company, which was entertained by Monumental Engine Company No. 6, during their visit to the city, left for Stockton, on Wednesday afternoon, on the steamer Bragdon, escorted to the boat by a fine band, the officers of the Department and Delegations from Engine Companies 1, 2, 3, 6, 8, 9, 11, and 14, and Hook and Ladder 3, which drew the apparatus of the Company to the boat.

On the route of march, and in passing this office, the San Joaquin's honored us with three cheers, for which we make our acknowledgments. At the boat, the San Joaquin's were first escorted aboard, and then their apparatus was placed on deck. Just at 4 o'clock, the hour of starting, all was in readiness, and as the Bragdon left her wharf the San Joaquin's were vociferously cheered by their brethren of San Francisco, and the cheering continued until the boat was far out in the stream. Since the Department was organized, there never has been a visiting Company which made the same favorable impression as the Stockton Firemen, and they are an honor to their city and Department. The members of the Monumental Company are loud in their praises of the San Joaquin's, and say that it has seldom been their lot to entertain Firemen who conducted themselves so perfectly gentlemanly. The Stockton Firemen leave behind them a reputation which any Company might be proud of.

After the boat left, the delegations partook of refreshments, at Patton's Saloon, at the invitation of the Chief Engineer, and at the Monumental Engine house, by Mr. Hoffsoff; and after repeatedly cheering each other, the Firemen dispersed, and finally, by them,  
THE CABLE WAS LAID.  
SACRAMENTO, SEPT. 25, 1858.

Editor Fireman's Journal:—I perceive that the little man who holds 3's trumpet while the "boys put out fires," is not pleased with my poetry about him. I am sorry for that, as it was expressly written for his benefit. I am the more sorry, because he did me the honor to compliment me, by saying that I was "a very clever gentleman," and it grieves me to displease those who love me. I am afraid the "poetry" has left its mark on him, as he seems to lay the last couplet very much to heart. He need not be distressed about it, however, as I assure you I was only in fun. I must myself confess that the poetry was very stupid, but you know it is necessary that the style should always correspond with the subject; but I shall not punish either you or him with any more of the kind; so that with a little valiant and judicious quip, his nervous system will soon recover its lost repose. My details of the trial between No. 3 and 4 seems to have wrought my little friend up into a perfect frenzy of indignation and he hurls the choice and choice epithets: "jealous," "pusillanimous," "sneaking," "duplicitous," "ignorance," "falsehood," &c., about without a due regard to the danger of hitting somebody; and if they don't come back to roost, he need not fear that they are stolen from him. He triumphantly relates that a former foreman of No. 4, on a certain occasion got his nose pulled, but "I am not certified," as Sam Slick says, of the truth of the story. The, then, foreman is now a resident of a distant county, and is not here to answer; but if the event did occur, it is certain the little man was not the hero of the exploit.

I cannot be so discourteous to my little adversary as to pass in silence, his invitation to "come out like a man," and state my manner and place of playing, &c. As his own banner was so bold, I will "come out" with one that is an exact counterpart to it. He offered to bet with the stream with which the "Warren's" beat us with; we will bet on the stream that we beat them as badly: We will play the "Warren's" through 100 feet of hose, with open butt, anywhere and at any time agreeable to the judges, for \$500, cash in the bank. I have no idea that this offer will be taken unless I take them to bed, but it is precisely the kind of a baiter made up by Mr. Treat, and will answer the same purpose of swagger and show, which I suppose was all he ever intended. When he offers to take the standard of playing that was established at the Fair, I shall think he is serious in his offer and is not trifling for show.

Previous to sending my last communication, Mr. Editor, I wrote a somewhat lengthy and candid reply to the trifling article of Mr. Treat, of the week previous, but upon reflection I became satisfied that I would only make myself ridiculous, by replying seriously to a communication replete with vulgar and uncalled-for personalities and bad taste; I therefore laid it aside and hastily scribbled the one I sent, being more appropriate to the demand.  
W. C. F.

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

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